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Caste " "

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And once a hard and heavy hat
Had almost ruin'd me;
It gall'd—*I* had no doubt of *that*—
I groan'd in misery!
But when Gee's felt lin'd hat I tried,
What bliss, I felt, of ease!
Feeling and taste were satisfied,
For none can equal Gee's!
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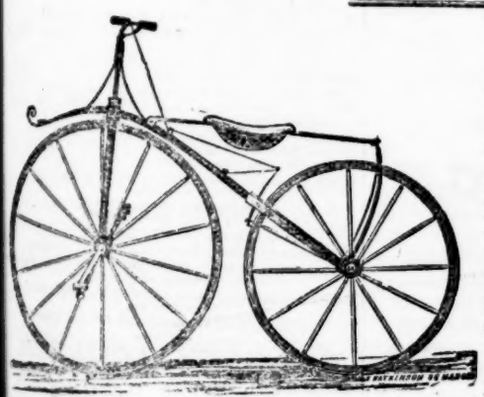

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50 dozen White Brussels and other Falls, 4½d., to 21s.
Quilted Bibs, 3d., 4d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., to 6s. 6d.

SHORT CLOTHES.

Round Shirts, 6½d., 7d., 8½d., 10½d., 1s., 2s., 3s., to 4s. 6d.
Stays, 4½d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., to 2s. 11d.
Calico Petticoats, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Flannel ditto, 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 10s. 6d.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

Chemise, Banded, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 6d., to 5s.
Ditto, Fancy Fronts, 2s. 6d., 3s. 5s., to 15s.
Tucked Petticoats, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., to 15s.
Flannel ditto, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 8s. 6d., to 18s.
Drawers, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 11d., to 10s. 6d.

BOYS' and YOUTHS' Department.

Day Shirts, 1s. 6d., 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 6s. 6d.
Night ditto, 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., to 5s.
Linen Collars, 3½d., 5½d., to 7½d.
Ties, Pocket Handkerchiefs, &c., all largely reduced.

GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

20 dozen Shirts, size, 15½, 2s. 6d., worth 3s. 11d.
Plain and Fancy Shirts, to 10s. 6d.
Linen Inserting and other Fronts, 5½d. to 10s. 6d.
Fancy Ties, at nominal prices.

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Lancashire, 10½d., 1s., 1s 4d., 1s. 6d., to 1s. 11d.
Welsh, 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.
Imitation, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 4d.
Saxony, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., to 8s.

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500 Pieces 36 inch Longcloth .. .. 3½d.
50 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 3½d.
50 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 5d.
70 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 5½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 6½d.
10 Pieces Twill ditto .. .. .. 6½d.
32 inch Longcloth in proportion.
50 Pieces Haircord Muslin .. .. .. 5½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
5 Pieces Fancy Satin Stripe .. .. 8½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
Soft Cords, 1s. 4d. to 2s. 6d.
50 Pieces ½ Linen Lawns .. .. .. 10½d.
20 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
20 Pieces ditto .. .. 1s. 11d. to 3s.
50 Pieces Nainsook .. .. .. 4½d.
40 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 6½d.
40 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 4d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 10d.
15 Pieces ditto various, to .. 3s.
10 Pieces Nursery Diapers .. .. 4½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 5½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 7½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 4d.
Napkins, ready for use, 7s. 11d., to 21s. per dozen.
10 Dozen Towels .. .. 5½d.
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10 Dozen ditto .. .. 10½d.
5 Pieces Bird-eye Diapers .. .. .. 1s.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 2s.
5 Pieces ditto .. 2s. 6d. to 2s. 9d.

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Several Hundred Yards Real Thread Edge, 4½d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., and 10½d.
Several Hundred Yards Lace, 6½d., 8½d., to 5s. 6d.
Several Hundred Yards Real Valenciennes, 5½d., 6½d., 7½d., 8½d., to 2s. 6d.
Real Maltese Collars, 11½d., worth 2s. 6d.
Ditto Cluny, 1s., worth 2s. 6d.
Ditto, ditto, 10½d., worth 1s. 9d., in great variety.
Real Coifs, real Berthas, real Handkerchiefs, &c., very much reduced.
Honiton Collars, Berthas, Laces, prices will astonish.
Several hundred pounds' worth of Imitation Cluny Lace, new patterns, low prices.
Black Falls, Pellerines, Jackets, Berthas, &c.

SEWED MUSLINS.

18 Dozen Muslin Tie Handkerchiefs .. 8½d.
50 Dozen Muslin Ties .. 9½d.
A very large assortment of Garibaldi Jackets, from 1s. 6d. to 25s. Purchased very cheap.
About 15 Dozens Muslin Chemisettes, nicely worked, 11½d. to 15s.
Bodices, Muslin Crossovers, all new this season.

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40 Dozen .. .. .. 11½d. half-dozen.
50 Dozen .. .. .. 1s. 2½d. "
50 Dozen .. .. .. 1s. 4½d. "
50 Dozen .. .. .. 1s. 6½d. "
50 Dozen .. .. .. 1s. 9d. "
50 Dozen .. .. .. 2s. "
And so on to .. .. 9s. "
Ready Hemmed .. 1s. 1½d. to 9s. "
Hem Stitched .. 4½d. to 5s. each
Sewed Edgings, Scollops, and Insertions, assuming upwards of £2,000.
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THE *SPECTATOR.*

THE Italians have a phrase which is not a bad one. When a man is very precise and speaks by the card; nay, is so correct that it is impossible to find him trifling, they declare that he speaks with the point of a fork—*favellar in punta di forchetta*. This is one of the ways that our newspapers use. They are so clever, so superfine, that they know everything. They put all their wisdom in the shop windows, like the jewellers in the Palais Royal their brilliant wares. Ask for another kind of article and they are floored; whereas, in London, if you go to a jeweller, you know that you see not one tenth nor twentieth part of his stock behind the plate glass. And so with a good scholar.

However, this is a very good way to puzzle the vulgar. To persuade men that you know anything, tell them that you know everything. Speak of war, commerce, literature, politics, with the point of a fork, as if you could direct the Duke of Wellington in the first, the 'cutest man in Manchester in the second, and Machiavelli himself in the third. As for painting, travel, chemistry, sculpture, and a few of the 'ologies, "the young man as does my reviews," said the great Lintot, or the less sweet-smelling Curl, "knows more than the lot of 'em put together."

It is in this kind of wisdom that our friend the *Spectator* of to-day deals. We say the *Spectator* of to-day, because we wish to distinguish it from two noted papers, one of which was, and one of which was not, its former self. With that little penny daily sheet of overrated Essays—we except the best of Addison's, and almost all Steele's writings—our *Spectator* never has, and never can have, anything in common. Overrated as is the original *Spectator*, it had at least a dozen good things about it, lying close about its heart too, which few modern papers have. It had a pure and a high sense of literature, not yet degraded into penny-a-lining; it had a belief in its own simple mission and the dignity of its calling; it had a great and genial humour, and a very broad sense of fun; it had wisdom enough to descend to small things and make fun and merriment out of them; it had, and this is the last that we shall mention and the most important, that sweet and brotherly love for mankind which made it own itself one of the class it satirized, and that intimate knowledge of humanity which made it lay the heaviest lash on its own faults, and declare the blows were intended for mankind. *Homo sum, nihil humanum me alienum puto*—you know the old saw; the geniality of the *Spectator*, the art by which it reaches our hearts, was all comprehended in this. We need not say that we do not discover, in the paper under review, any signs of a family likeness to the good old print that descanted on Jenny's red face and Sylvia's petticoat, on Squire Hunks' love for brandy and on the club of Women Haters; which was a good authority upon muffs and understood the humours of the pit, which created Will Honeycomb and Sir Roger de Coverley; (what has our *Spectator* ever created?) which reformed the manners of the town; which could lay down laws of etiquette and descant on a lady's farthingale, and yet give you the very acme of criticism on the most exalted poem in the world—*Paradise Lost*. No, the present *Spectator* has nothing in common with *that*. He would toss you up an omelet of all the Essayists, and prove that he knew more than the lot put together: he is so clever that modesty is left out of the question.

Nor is there much in common with the old *Spectator*, the real progenitor of this one, established and edited by Mr. Rintoul. Rintoul was a journalist of a school fast departing, if there ever was a school of his sort. An acrid clever politician, a biting incisive man, clever in attack but not in defence, wise in criticism, often generous, solid, deep, a gentleman in letters, living retired and unknown, doing his duty very honourably, and so fairly that, although the paper was kept up to a large price—that of ninepence—it kept its way for many years, and its notices were so sound and honest that its advertisements still adhered to it. It was thought by that wise class, the publishers, that a book was insufficiently known unless a preliminary notice had appeared in the advertising columns of Rintoul's paper. The editor was, moreover, behind the scenes with the Whigs and Liberals. The *Examiner*, once very clever and very bitter, and still known and honoured for the honesty of its literary articles, had still a flavour of Fonblanque and a relishing smack of Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt about it, kept up its credit with the booksellers, and, with the *Spectator*, if you did not get the highest pens in the world on the dearest paper in the world, you ought to have done so. That was a great thing, at least. Nobody, we will venture to say, ever understood Rintoul, but they said he was wonderfully clever. The *Spectator*, which had very little policy of its own, was extremely wise in opposition to all parties, and figured out a hazy liberalism, shaped now like a camel, now backed like a weazel, and, after all, very like a whale!

When Rintoul died, the paper, which had fallen to sixpence, fell to a very low ebb. Nobody took it in, and nobody read it; but, with the loyal stupidity which so admirably distinguishes them, the publishers took their copies and gave it their columns of advertisements, and two gentlemen hitherto undistinguished in literature, Mr. Meredith Townshend and Mr. R. Holt Hutton, B.A., of London University, a Unitarian of the Unitarians, bought the paper, and determined to work it as an open platform and a fair field for everything—faith, policy, art, doubt, rest or unrest.

Mr. Townshend is the author of the political articles, or rather, the editor of the political portion of the paper. He is learned on all sorts of questions concerning the East, and has, it seems to us, a fair and noble conception of the due policy of Great Britain to India. He is understood to write the chief part of those nervous little leaders, full of fire, quaint turns, and epigram, which the *Pall Mall* has borrowed and calls "occasional notes;" but, if it borrows Mr. Townshend's fiddle, it cannot use his fiddle-stick. Perhaps the very best part of the utterances of the press of to-day are to be found in the first pages of the *Spectator*. The views in these are often ultra-liberal, and yet guided by a learned conservatism. In religion, especially, the writer leans to no sham, and yet seems to be a true servant of Christ. He jests at the fears of the extreme of all parties. Thus, in reference to the discovery of the Garden of Eden, by Rawlinson, the writer plays with the fears of the exact interpreters in a way puzzling to dull wits. "We are not sure that Professor Hengstenberg, or the English Recordites, will approve of this discovery. If Eden is the old name for Babylon (that is, if Babylon be Eden) *a complete ordnance survey of the country may probably disprove the existence of any space guarded by Cherubim and a flaming sword, to keep the way of the Tree of Life*. It would be a great shock to them to find that not only has the Tree of Life disappeared, but that the Garden of Eden is tenanted by a miserable Oriental peasantry, who look upon Pison and Gihon, and Hiddekel and Euphrates, only as so many water privileges of their thirsty land." The fun of this, the daring faith which, plunging into the letter of Holy Writ, still holds firmly, boldly and defiantly to the spirit, is far too high for ordinary people. Let us praise, with highest commendation, too, that paragraph of last week which commented on certain snobbesses of Watford who rushed at the Prince of Wales' dessert plate, and shared the cherry stones he spat out, as sacred relics. You can feel, when he declares that this is a depth of degradation no other nation would exhibit, that the pen is held by a gentleman, and that he shares the indignation he paints so forcibly with a touch.

Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur.

Of Mr. Hutton's part of the paper, one cannot speak so well. He is understood to be the literary editor of the paper, and to look after the reviews, very few of which are generous, and hardly one of which is just. The superintendent mind which dictates this destructive kind of criticism seems to be itself cold and ungenerous. If it has any sympathies they run in favour of Mr. Walter Bagshot, himself a contributor, and the London University. Add to this, it favours heavy utilitarians, people who profess to understand Bentham and have grown confused over him, anti-English politicians and men of shadowy faith and ethics, such as Mr. J. M. Ludlow, Miss Frances Cobbe, Mrs. * * *, and the person who writes under the pseudonym of Matthew Browne. The persons named also contribute to the paper. Mr. Hutton's part of the *Spectator*, also, is a hodge-podge of comments upon Verbal Inspiration,

the Divinity of Christ, the Wittenagemot, and the governance of county families. Sometimes a Bishop writes a complaining letter; sometimes Mr. Swinburne an erotic poem; every now and then a Yankee writes sensible letters, insultingly anti-English, and certainly, utterly American. When any known literary workman does a book, such as Mr. Sutherland Edwards, the Reviewer tomahawks him, on the principle, we suppose, that it is rather brave in a dwarf to cut up and bully a defenceless giant; when any crack-brained illusionist does a "viewy" book, full of audacious half-opinions and prurient nonsense, such as Mr. Matthew Browne, the Reviewer shrieks in ecstacy. If, however, any one else finds out a genius, the *Spectator* has a fling at him.

Lastly, there is little doubt that the *Spectator* is very clever, often very just; that, with the exception of its cold Unitarianism, which takes a warmer, or perhaps a pinker hue, from the chivalric faith of Townshend, it does good in discussing religious questions, in showing up the enormous and selfish influence of the aristocracy, and in fighting for the intellectual ranks rather than for the moneyocracy. It pleads in its way for the poor, and loves its country while it abuses it. It has not the mellow feeling of the highest class of writers; it wants gentleness, the highest gentleness of gentlemanhood, but it is as good as we have got in its way. It is always trying to find out new paths, and to take a new view, forgetting that we are an old country, and that the best roads have long been trodden, and the finest views are all known. It is very *young*. It is like the cock of a country school: a sharp boy, clever, no doubt, knowing much, and possessing sound brains, and at the bottom a good heart; but terribly spoilt by a deep-rooted, long-planted, and ineradicable conceit.

ON THE LEAPING GROUND.

THE excitement at the Agricultural Show on Tuesday seemed to culminate at the leaping. No sooner had the royal party left the horse-ring, and gone to lunch, than the whole multitude of spectators poured into the Leaping Ground, until the two great stands were completely filled from end to end, except, of course, the royal box, and a certain space immediately adjoining, which was reserved for the luncheon party, and sundry other notabilities. We took up our post opposite this favoured region, unslung our opera glass, and prepared to wait. All things considered, that is to say, considering the lunch itself, the speeches, and the getting to and from the luncheon tent, we had not to wait so long. Besides, there was plenty to look at—the immense crowd of people; the gay dresses, making the opposite stand, and we doubt not our own also, look like a parterre of brilliant flowers; the erratic movements of the gentlemen who stood below, smoking and criticising; the hill and bridge and palings to the left, covered with spectators who enjoyed a bird's-eye view for nothing; the frantic efforts of late comers to get a good place; and the leaps, the fence, the posts and rails, and the water jump. A word or two about these last. The fence, or hurdle jump, was, we should think, about 4½ feet to 5 feet high. It presented the appearance of a thick-set hedge, but was more formidable in appearance than reality. The rails at the second fence looked thick enough to overthrow any horse and rider, but, as it turned out, they snapped across like pipe stems. Seven of them were broken during the afternoon, and none of the horses seemed to feel the shock. The third leap was the most difficult—about 14½ feet of water, with a low fence on the near or "taking-off" side, requiring altogether a clear jump of about 17 feet. It was just in front of us, in a direct line between our seat and the royal box. We may add that there was a broad tan ride round the ring, and that the three jumps were in a line down the centre, with tan plentifully laid down between them.

About half-past three, the royal carriages appeared through the large wooden gate at the show-end of the enclosure. They were greeted with great cheering, although the opposite stand had the best of it, as the Prince and Princess were driven straight to the royal box, and the good folks on our side had to be content, for the present, with a distant view. The Princess seated herself at the front of the box, behind sundry flowers which decorated it. The Prince remained on the ground, and got quite into a crowd of people—big-wigs, no doubt, in front of the reserved seats, so that we lost him altogether for some time.

And now the horses appeared, one after the other, to the number of ten. Beautiful animals they were, and many were the expressions of admiration from the ladies, and of approving criticism from the men. By the way, how is it that every male being *will* be so knowing about horseflesh, even when he scarcely knows a thorough-bred hunter from a spavined fifteen-year-old hack? For ourselves, we sat and listened while a dozen Solomons around us delivered judgment. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, especially with regard to horses, but really some of these Solomons seemed to have no knowledge at all.

The first incident worthy of notice was an accident which befel the rider of the third horse. He sat very loosely, and appeared to us to check the animal just as he rose at the water leap. At any rate, horse and man both came down on the other side, the latter being shot clean out of the saddle, and on to his head. The horse got up—not so the man. He lay to all appearance dead, and a crowd gathered round him with that wise discretion which generally characterizes the British public, who quite forget charity in curiosity, and are loud in sympathy while they deny air to the sufferer. Great alarm amongst the ladies, who had hitherto—bless their innocent hearts!—regarded any little mishaps to the riders as capital fun. After a little, the poor fellow was carried off. We are glad to hear that he shortly afterwards revived; but it was a terrific spill.

The whole ten horses had done the three jumps, some of them twice over, and now there was a pause, during which the judges consult, and the horses are slowly ridden round. One beautiful animal, a black mare named "Fanny Drape," had especially attracted the notice of the crowd, by the consummate ease with which she took fence, and rails and water, clearing the last with a good foot to spare, in fact, if she had a fault, it was doing too much at her fences, but her action was faultless, and her stride when galloping something wonderful. She was well ridden, too, and, what is so important, allowed her head at each jump, for one rider who can help a horse over a stiff fence, forty-nine do more harm than good, and in many cases check the horse altogether. Then there was a chestnut, "Kilkenny," the property of Mr. Murray, our local horse-dealer, a beautiful animal (the horse, not Mr. Murray), and admirably piloted by a wiry looking young fellow, who rode as though his very cradle had been a saddle. But our favourite was a grey mare, "Princess," a wonderful animal for size and strength, ridden by a stout, thick-set, middle-aged groom, who took our fancy from the very first by his appearance. Disregarding all jockey notions, he rode in hat and livery, and took his fences as calmly as if trotting along a high road.

The result of the judges' consultation was soon apparent, "Fanny Drape," the "Princess," and "Kilkenny," were left to compete for the prize, the other horses went home. The excitement of the spectators increased. "Fanny Drape" was first favourite, and when at her next trial she flew over fence and water, apparently without an effort, the enthusiasm was intense. Alas for the "Princess," she did worse at her last trial than on any of the three previous ones. Nevertheless, she came in second. As for "Kilkenny," he required all his rider's skill to get him to face the first hedge, and it was evident that he had a temper of his own.

"Fanny Drape" wins the prize—a silver cup. The mare is led up to the front of the royal stand for inspection. Then the carriages appear again. They drive round one side of the enclosure as if intending to take their royal burden out by the other stand again. Whereupon arise angry remonstrances from the crowd around us. Whether in consequence of these cries or not, at any rate, they wheel round, and the Prince and Princess are driven slowly along our stand. "Give 'em a good un," sings out an excited being behind us, and we *do* give 'em a good un, the best cheer given on the ground that day. Then *Absunt omnes*, and a general rush to the refreshment stands.

On Wednesday, there was nearly as much excitement, but no Prince or Princess. We don't think the leaping was quite so good, at least there was no "Fanny Drape," or any horse like her. One

horse, "Kilkenny" (not the same as on Tuesday), landed in the water (excuse the bull) each time, as if taking a header. We cannot help thinking that it was chiefly the fault of the rider. Our dear old friend, the rider of "Princess," was in the saddle again, on another very fine animal, the "Bishop," and hurrah! he carried away the first prize, and bore his silver cup triumphantly on high round the enclosure. For a cool, judgmatical rider, without parade or nonsense, and steady as a rock, we never saw his equal, though he is anything but a showy rider. It was a tight race between the "Bishop" and a beautiful leaper, "Champagne" (curious combination of names—eh?), and for some time, *i.e*, down to the last trial, we thought the latter had it; but the "Bishop's" last water leap was his best, while "Champagne" seemed somewhat tired, and so our favourite received the cup as aforesaid. Both the "Princess" and the "Bishop" come from the same stable. We congratulate the owner, Mr. Taylor, on the possession of two such horses, and the rider he selected for them.

A PROMENADE AT THE BOTANICAL.

YES, thank you, I am exceedingly well. I have not seen you for ever so long; not since the Flower Show, I think. Oh yes! I have been frequently to the Promenades. It is strange. How could it have been my fault? It is quite impossible that I should have been too much engaged. Possibly Mr. Wilding may have been with us. But how, pray, does that affect the question? Let us sit here in the shade till the music begins again, it is so much cooler. Are you going to the Horticultural Show on Wednesday? I think it is quite natural to want to see Prince Teck; they say he is very handsome. Isn't it a shame that the Show is not held in the Botanical? Papa is so vexed. He says he should not have subscribed if it had not been publicly advertised that it would be held here, and says he has been swindled. What a question to ask. Of course I care for flowers; who does not? The Promenades are very nice, but not like a Flower Show. I wish you wouldn't talk nonsense. Nellie Rayner may like such barefaced flattery, but I don't. Oh yes! she is a very nice girl, and a friend of mine; if her teeth were better she would be pretty. There is the music; shall we walk on the green? It is dreadfully hot, but please don't talk about it. Would it not be delightful if the Promenades were from seven till ten, or say six till nine, instead of in the hottest and most uncomfortable part of the day? Don't you think the 68th a splendid band? Yes; his face seems almost passionless, and yet the men seem to understand him, and to be a good deal afraid of him, too. The contrast between his style of conducting and that of the leader of the other band is so funny. They are three sisters. Think the youngest pretty? I really cannot see it. I believe they are not much thought of. They come every week, and at one time and another have scraped up an acquaintance with nearly every young fellow who comes, and yet they have generally to get their own tickets at Old Trafford. My remarks ill-natured? Perhaps you would like me not to talk. No, I am not offended. What a disagreeable voice that gentleman has. A great ally of Miss Becker's, and an advocate for women's rights, is he? I don't think any the better of him for that. I do not like the place very much; it is so dreadfully flat, and the people of Sale are so hopelessly addicted to slander and evil speaking. Pity that girl's hair is so red. Can't see it? Then you must be colour blind. No, his whiskers are auburn. Which of them; the middle one? The shade of the dress is lovely, but I don't think it suits her complexion very well, and it is not well made. Perhaps I am hypercritical. It is an absurdity to say that ladies are one whit more over-dressed than gentlemen, or spend more time and thought on the subject. Did you ever see such a preposterous collar as that? Is not that gentleman very handsome? Knew him at college, did you? Of course every gentleman thinks every other who is more gifted by nature with good looks a muff. I suppose Nellie never says anything unpleasant; I am more honest than she, perhaps. A selection from *The Grand Duchess*, is it not? I have not seen it. Papa did not seem to wish us to go, and I am so vexed, for the music is so pretty and lively that it must be enjoyable. Indeed I don't like bicycles; I think they are the most stupid things ever invented as an amusement. You play cricket, do you not? I seldom come to the Old Trafford ground. I really don't think there is anything worth coming for. I dare say it is because I do not understand the game well enough. I have been up to Broughton once or twice with the Lawlers. Ah! there is God Save the Queen. We must think of returning. Oh, don't think of it; it is so much out of your way. I see Charlie—I beg your pardon, Mr. Wilding—coming this way. He will see us safely to the train, I dare say. Perhaps I may see you at the Horticultural Show. Please remember me to your sister. Good afternoon.

THE REV. J. ANDERSON GARDINER.

[PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, GROSVENOR SQUARE.]

RECOGNISING the fact that there is a deeply-rooted belief (the truth of which we are not disposed to discuss here) that the regeneration of humanity is to be brought about mainly, if not entirely, through the medium of sermons, it becomes a matter of grave importance that those who essay to teach in this form should be men of mature mind and of large and varied experience. There is, perhaps, no more solemn duty to which a man may devote himself than that of ministering to his fellow-men in holy things, and yet there are few high vocations where the claimants are so often unworthy as among those who aspire to be regarded as spiritual guides. This is especially true of youthful preachers, whom experience has taught us it is best, as a rule, to avoid. There is nothing more calculated to produce spiritual dyspepsia than a course of vealy sermons from a young curate or youthful dissenting preacher. To our mind, very much more is required to make a true preacher than the customary routine of college training in classics and theology. It is not unusual, however, to meet occasionally with an exception to the general rule regarding youthful divines, in the shape of some young intelligence, fresh from his Alma Mater, who has a message to deliver, and who has also the power to convey it intelligibly. There is always something peculiarly refreshing in being brought into contact with a young earnest spirit all aglow with enthusiasm, putting forth its fresh strong force against the evil that is in the world, the pleasure of such a sight, however, having something of sadness in it, when we reflect on what may come after, that preachers, like poets, "begin their youth in gladness," but, like them also, sometime end in despondency; and that, at best, the mind's fresh warm colour must before long lose its brightness, and "fade into the light of common day."

The Rev. John Anderson Gardiner is a young preacher who, by the almost unanimous vote of the Presbyterian Church, meeting in Grosvenor Square, has been appointed co-pastor with the Rev. Alexander Munro, D.D., who has ably and honourably presided over that church since its formation. Physical weakness alone on the part of the worthy doctor has, we believe, made this alteration necessary. That his mental powers remain unimpaired we can testify, having lately heard a sermon from him, vigorous in thought and expression, and marked, too, by considerable pathos and feeling. We believe it is decidedly advantageous to a church if it can have engaged a veteran and a youthful preacher of the true kind to share its pulpit. Two main duties, among others, belong to a pastor, one being to "feed the saints," who are usually the senior members of his congregation, and the other being to grapple with the intellectual doubts and difficulties that interfere with the acceptance of the truths he has to teach, which said doubts and difficulties are usually found to exist chiefly among the young and intelligent portion of his hearers. It is rarely the case that a pastor can be found who is capable of performing both these duties. The chances are he is too fixedly narrow and sober in his views to suit the young members of his flock, or too broad or *coleur de rose*, for those who feed upon doctrine and strong meat. We are not disposed to insinuate that the Rev. Dr. Munro has not succeeded in pleasing all the members of his congregation; but we know that, whether his mode of teaching is acceptable to all or not, there are few pastors in the city who hold so firm and independent a position with their congregations as he does, or who are held in heartier respect. Nevertheless, the manner in which the advent of the new preacher has been hailed, especially by the younger members of the congregation, is significant, not, be it understood, of the decay of the prestige of the reverend doctor, who still does, and will hold his own,

but that a want has been supplied which is frequently felt in other congregations besides this.

Mr. Gardiner has just completed his university training, and this, we understand, is his first call. He is a gentleman of goodly presence in the pulpit. He has a good firm head, looks well in his gown and snowy bands, the knightly growth that fringes the upper lip, together with his upright bearing and carriage, give him somewhat of a military appearance. He has a deep, sonorous, but guttural voice, with which he rolls out the r's in true Scotch fashion. He has evidently studied elocution, receiving his training in this art, we are informed, from the father of Mr. Charles Calvert. He reads well, but the effect is frequently marred by a jerky, shaking way of uttering his words. There is sometimes, too, a little staginess, and a dramatic manner in his declamation. His prayers are simple, fervid, and impressive. As far as we can ascertain from the sermons we have heard, we should say that his mind is liberal in its tone, and that he is not partial to doctrinal discourses. When we heard him tell his hearers that, of those who had sown the seeds of everlasting truth among men, philosophers, like Socrates, must hold a worthy place beside Christian teachers, we regarded it as a promising sign. There is much to be hoped from a preacher when he has the courage to tell his hearers that we owe something more to the Greeks than a knowledge of the arts, which, by the way, have imparted everything of serene grace and beauty in architecture to which this church in Grosvenor Square may lay claim. Mr. Gardiner, we should say, is rather a polished and scholarly, than a subtle or profound thinker. His sentences are more exhaustive than suggestive, and he deals generally with the surface of his subject. He has a fearless and open way of stating plain and unpalatable truths; yet we miss the agony of thought which tells that the whole soul is in the subject. There seems, in short, to be more of intellect than feeling in his discourses. He possesses much of that strong innate force which is so valuable to a teacher, and has evidently a well-balanced, healthy mind. In a sermon on that old, old text of the vanity of human wishes and human possessions, which has been an exhaustless theme for preachers

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A friend of ours once submitted a manuscript to Carlyle for his opinion thereon. It was returned with this characteristic remark inscribed upon it, "This young man will improve. Who shall say how much?" In like manner would we sum up our estimate of Mr. Gardiner as a preacher. There is room for improvement, but the extent of it depends upon the extent to which he recognises the serious and important work in which he is engaged, and the degree to which he cultivates the powers which he undoubtedly possesses.

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The events of the last few days have been such as to make the weather a legitimate subject of conversation. Manchester gets credit for so much shower that it is only fair to give it credit for a little sunshine, when it is possible to do so. The weather deserves a vote of thanks for its conduct during the Agricultural Show. The only apprehension which arises in one's mind—or nose—is a qualm as to the state of the Bridgewater Canal. However, it will have served to acquaint their royal highnesses with one of the attributes of suburban residence at Stretford, and to inform the young Earl of Ellesmere of the state of his property. Besides odours and insects, the excessive sun seems to have hatched out of nothingness a number of curious machines which have been used as conveyances, and out of skins and bones a number of locomotive entities, which have been flogged and overworked as if they were horses. We trust that the fruitful sunshine has produced a corresponding number of policemen and inspectors, who will bring an increased number of drivers before an increased number of magistrates. These latter gentlemen may provide the former with a very good means of expending a little of the money which their galvanised skins and bones have made for them, in a manner which will exercise a beneficial influence upon the local rates.

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Talk about sacrilege, disinterring human remains and making roads of them is nothing to this week's proceedings on the part of energetic churchwardens with an eye to business. More than one sacred fane last Sunday presented an edifying spectacle—the *Te Deum* within, and *Places, Half-a-crown Each*, without. We cannot serve both God and Mammon, it has been said; but ecclesiastical officials know better than that. It's all very well to talk so inside, but outside strict commercial principles have jurisdiction; and strict commercial principles say, make fifty per cent whenever you can. If you can raise it on the bodies of the dead, that's the very best use you can put them to. Erect stands upon them, say, "walk up, gentlemen, walk up; the show is just a-going to begin: only half-a-crown for the privilege of sitting upon your forefathers." This conjunction of commerce with Christianity is beautiful to behold. It is so exquisitely in accordance with the spirit working in Christ, when he encouraged the money-changers to establish their marts in the precincts of the Temple. To clear away an ancient burial-ground in order that the busy world may not be stayed upon its onward march, is shameful sacrilege; but to erect a shilling booth upon the bodies of the dead, that snobs may gape at a prince, is true religion, pure and undefiled.

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We shall be much disappointed if we have heard the last of the gas tar job in Salford. Anyway, we believe the gas committee, or some of its members, will be asked to throw a little more light on the subject. The truth is that the real point of the whole matter has been quietly slurred over. Even Mr. Councillor Dyson lacked the courage to strike at the real offenders and at the real wrong. With the question of price we have nothing to do, but we should like to know why Mr. Dyson selected Alderman Platt as his butt, and why, though he was perfectly cognizant of the whole transaction, he insinuated such hard things against the gas manager, whilst he spared a certain alderman, who is reported to have had more to do with the negotiation of the contract thun Mr. Halls, or Mr. Platt, or indeed the whole committee? The affectation of indignant virtue in Mr. Councillor Dyson towards Mr. Councillor Harrison was rather amusing. "Though you began investigating the Peel Park jobbery before I stirred up the tar water, you have no right to take the course I took. I wish to earn my civic crown alone." Mr. Harrison's investigations, we imagine, may lead to results as valuable, if not more so, than those instituted by Mr. Dyson.

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Wailst the Agricultural Show has been pleasurably anticipated by most people about Manchester, to regular passengers on the Altrincham and Bowdon line it has not been by any means productive of unmixed happiness. To begin with, the unusual press of work, combined with the hot weather, has had an effect on the naturally sweet tempers and suave manners of the officials at Old Trafford. At that station, the doings on the line for days, indeed weeks, have been marked by utter confusion. Whatever grumbling contractors may say to the contrary, there is, on ordinary occasions, little to find fault with in the matter of punctuality. During the late excitement this punctuality has been utterly lost. The trains have become regularly irregular; nothing as to their time of departure and arrival has been certain but the uncertainty. The stoppages and delays about Old Trafford have been constant, and the ceaseless grumblings consequent on such reckless proceedings have been so loud and deep that they must be left to the imagination. The effect of this general uncertainty, of sudden stoppages, and shrill whistlings, upon the nerves of some of the passengers has been highly disagreeable. The terrible anxiety consequent upon a state of things so wretchedly abnormal reached its culminating point the other day in what is expressively called a "smash." Regardless of—possibly, indeed, encouraged by—the residential vicinity of the secretary, a passenger train ran into some luggage waggons, which blocked up the line close to the station. Though the accident was not fatal, discoloured faces, vulgarly known as black eyes, contused and bruised limbs, and a general feeling of having been actively engaged in a violent and bloodthirsty pugilistic encounter resulted. The pathetic appeals of one gentleman, after ascertaining, on picking himself up, that he had not been knocked and shaken into another and a better world, can never be forgotten. The accident is traced to causes, mediately and immediately, depending on the show. The popular account—though we are not prepared to vouch for its strict accuracy—is, that the driver and stoker of the passenger train were busy gleaning all the useful information they could gather as to what was going on, as they passed the sheds skirting the railway, and were consequently unable to see and act upon a signal which warned them of danger immediately ahead. The ultimate and permanent consequences of a pecuniary nature to the Manchester, South Junction, and Altrincham Railway, may be of a serious kind. We have heard of at least one gentleman who was so frightened that he declares his intention of living for the rest of his days in town, rather than run risks so terrible.

TWO DAYS WITH THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

TUESDAY: AT THE SHOW.

A BRIGHT, beautiful morning; almost too bright. Nothing to relieve the oppressive glare of a July sun. The grass in the Agricultural Show shrivelled and dried up. Faces male and female alike flushed and perspiring, spite of umbrellas and parasols. The huge refreshment stalls doing a roaring—we should rather say, a fizzing—trade. Had all the empty bottles of all sorts been piled together at the close of the day, they surely would have made a second Matterhorn. Perfectly tropical weather, suggestive of puggarees, verandahs, punkahs, linen coats, anything but the broad-cloth and chimney-pot of English civilization. Pheugh! We grow hot at the bare recollection.

We were up betimes, and inspected Throstle Nest, its bridge, landing-stage, and garden, before Captain Palin surrounded these wonders of art and nature with a cordon of fat, stolid, helmeted policemen. We were amply repaid for our visit. The bridge was like Joseph's coat—of many colours. It boasted of more glazed calico, Prince of Wales' plumes, shields, flags, and mottoes—the latter adorned with artificial flowers of fashion never seen on earth before—than the mind could grasp all at once. We turned away in mute amazement, and gazed at Alderman Heywood's garden, sloping down to the canal bank, and presenting a really fine show of flowers. Could none of them have been spared for the poor bridge, instead of the artificial rubbish? Here was the Landing-stage, with a covered way leading up the bank, and into the road on the right. Plenty of scarlet cloth for the royal feet to tread on. Otherwise, the arrangements were of simplicity simplest. We cast another look at the bridge, survived the glance, shuddered, and departed.

Our harbour of refuge was a garden fronting the road, between the Blind Asylum and the toll-bar. Along this road the Prince and Princess were to pass at 11-30 a.m., turning round at the bar, into the open space in front of the Show. They might have been taken a much shorter cut by the side of the Blind Asylum; in fact, they drove along two sides of a triangle, instead of one short third side, or base. However, royalty is public property on these occasions. This longer route afforded a treat to several thousand outsiders who could not afford the five shillings' entrance to the Show, besides the inhabitants of Old Trafford, who filled their gardens and their windows with guests, and kept open house, as we ourselves most gratefully bear witness. One mansion, indeed, offered hospitality on a different and scarcely disinterested system. A thousand and one great staring placards, pasted over walls and roof, and wherever placards could possibly be pasted, informed the Prince and public that the private dwelling-house, so placarded, was turned for the nonce into the Balmoral Hotel. We mention the fact because it forced itself upon our notice in such an obtrusive manner, and utterly spoiled an otherwise very pretty scene. It was advertisement gone mad, and altogether out of its proper place—like the *(sic)* Hotel itself.

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A BRIGHT, beautiful morning; almost too bright. Nothing to relieve the oppressive glare of a July sun. The grass in the Agricultural Show shrivelled and dried up. Faces male and female alike flushed and perspiring, spite of umbrellas and parasols. The huge refreshment stalls doing a roaring—we should rather say, a fizzing—trade. Had all the empty bottles of all sorts been piled together at the close of the day, they surely would have made a second Matterhorn. Perfectly tropical weather, suggestive of puggarees, verandahs, punkahs, linen coats, anything but the broad-cloth and chimney-pot of English civilization. Pheugh! We grow hot at the bare recollection.

We were up betimes, and inspected Throstle Nest, its bridge, landing-stage, and garden, before Captain Palin surrounded these wonders of art and nature with a cordon of fat, stolid, helmeted policemen. We were amply repaid for our visit. The bridge was like Joseph's coat—of many colours. It boasted of more glazed calico, Prince of Wales' plumes, shields, flags, and mottoes—the latter adorned with artificial flowers of fashion never seen on earth before—than the mind could grasp all at once. We turned away in mute amazement, and gazed at Alderman Heywood's garden, sloping down to the canal bank, and presenting a really fine show of flowers. Could none of them have been spared for the poor bridge, instead of the artificial rubbish? Here was the Landing-stage, with a covered way leading up the bank, and into the road on the right. Plenty of scarlet cloth for the royal feet to tread on. Otherwise, the arrangements were of simplicity simplest. We cast another look at the bridge, survived the glance, shuddered, and departed.

Our harbour of refuge was a garden fronting the road, between the Blind Asylum and the toll-bar. Along this road the Prince and Princess were to pass at 11-30 a.m., turning round at the bar, into the open space in front of the Show. They might have been taken a much shorter cut by the side of the Blind Asylum; in fact, they drove along two sides of a triangle, instead of one short third side, or base. However, royalty is public property on these occasions. This longer route afforded a treat to several thousand outsiders who could not afford the five shillings' entrance to the Show, besides the inhabitants of Old Trafford, who filled their gardens and their windows with guests, and kept open house, as we ourselves most gratefully bear witness. One mansion, indeed, offered hospitality on a different and scarcely disinterested system. A thousand and one great staring placards, pasted over walls and roof, and wherever placards could possibly be pasted, informed the Prince and public that the private dwelling-house, so placarded, was turned for the nonce into the Balmoral Hotel. We mention the fact because it forced itself upon our notice in such an obtrusive manner, and utterly spoiled an otherwise very pretty scene. It was advertisement gone mad, and altogether out of its proper place—like the *(sic)* Hotel itself.

From half-past nine to half-past ten a.m. the road was

principally occupied by imposing processions of policemen, marching and counter-marching, apparently without rhyme or reason; carriages and omnibuses rolling past in quick succession; visitors arriving at the various garden gates; foot-passengers sauntering up to the front of Alderman Heywood's house, and seeing what they could see. Now and then an inspector on horseback, red-faced and fussy. Vendors of correct programmes, strawberries, and gingerbread. Women with babies. Intrusive beings who would persist in clambering on to walls, and holding by railings. A gradual thickening of the rather dirty crowd. Any number of short pipes. A sudden movement on the part of the bobbies. All traffic stopped between the toll-bar and Throstle Nest. The people driven on to the footpaths. Chance passers-by warned to go "outside." (N.B. Why not "inside"?) Grumblings on the part of the public; then intense anxiety that all should fare alike. Any symptoms of relenting on the part of any policeman towards gaily dressed ladies or spruce dandies bound for Alderman Heywood's garden, greeted with derisive shouts of "Now then! go outside! Outside, d'ye hear?" By the way, the watercarts had overdone their work so completely that the road was an inch deep in mud, and all this energy on the part of the police quite superfluous.

Time going on: eleven o'clock. Heat waxing intense. Fair beings sensible of browning and freckles, and all sorts of mischief to their complexions. Crowd five or six deep on each side of the road. Transient excitements eagerly sought after, and found in the shape of unhappy clogs, hooted and nearly driven mad; also in the passing of two carriages containing Sir Humphrey de Trafford and his party; also in stray skirmishes with the bobbies, also and chiefly in sudden alarms that the Prince and Princess are at hand. Interesting episode! Woman faints beneath our garden wall. Water handed over. No use. Brandy suggested and tried. More successful. Suggestion from bye-stander that the sufferer should be taken bodily into the garden. Our host does not quite see it. Inspector something or other passes by, with the cheerful information that "they are at Barton." It is now half-past eleven, and "they" ought to be here instead of at Barton. General rush for refreshments (we refer to our party), then more waiting.

It is more than half-past twelve, when the first scarlet-coated outrider is seen to turn round the Throstle Nest corner. A general buzz down each side of the road. "Hats off!" "Here they come!" "Hurrah!" And here they came. There are several carriages—seven, as we find afterwards in the Show—but we have eyes only for the first. It is drawn by four horses, and in the back seat are—yes, she *has* come, notwithstanding all sorts of rumours—there they are, the Prince *and* the Princess. We are carried back in thought to the 10th of March, 1863, and the enthusiasm which seized our country at the arrival of a Princess, said to be the loveliest who had ever trod English soil. Her praises were sung from Tennyson downwards. Then she was a blooming bride. Her beauty, her naïveté, her charming simplicity, were all fresh to us. Now, the mother of three children, the invalid--for not only did she pass through a severe illness last year, but her present state of health is, from all accounts, far from satisfactory—she visits our city, and really he must be blind and idiotic who can do anything but admire. We wish that there was a little more colour in those pale cheeks; she is a little too—we must perforce use a French word, for we have no English equivalent—a little too *spirituel*, for those who would fain see her strong as well as beautiful, and who is there among us who would not?—but as she passes, and a chorus of ladies rises up around us of "How lovely!" we can only echo the feminality, and gaze, and gaze again. How is she dressed? On reference to the aforesaid feminine choir, we find that she has a rose-coloured silk dress, with a white lace tunic or fichu—but there! dear, dear! How can anybody look at a dress, with such a face above it? So we say, and so said also one of the choir, twice mentioned, whom we had specially requested to take careful note of the costume.

Directly the cortége has gone past, we rush forth, and run down the short cut mentioned above—the base of the triangle. By this means, we arrive in front of the Agricultural Show before the royal carriage has turned round the bar. We get even a closer view than before. Also we cast a glance, this time, at Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. To use an absurd, but common, expression, he is very like his photograms—only—and this is a very important "only"—he has shaved off his beard, retaining moustache, imperial, and whiskers, and improving his appearance, we beg leave to state, in no small degree. As he raises his hat, or rather as he keeps it suspended a few inches above his head, in a state of perpetual bowing, we notice that there is a suspicion of baldness, a tell-tale thinness, and that he will probably at no distant date be as bald as his father before him.

It is well that we have already seen the Show—the implements, the innumerable engines, each with its own attendant threshing machine, or ingenious patent of some sort or other, the stone crushers, the brick makers, the wonderful wood-cutting inventions, the card-printing (your name printed on fifty cards before your eyes, in less than two minutes, for one shilling), the Abyssinian pumps, the marvellous anatomical spring beds, which require no bolster or mattress, the Napier waggonettes, the fat pigs, the South-downs, the bulls, which surely must beat even those of Bashan all to fits, the endless rows of horse-boxes, each containing a specimen of horse-flesh so perfect as to make us devoutly thankful that we are not a judge. Yes, we have had two days in the Show, and it is well we have, for to-day we must walk past everything, down the great centre street, past the two clock towers, to the horse-leaping enclosure. We halt, however, on our way, at the oval, where the horses (the leapers, of course, excepted) are judged. Here we find the royal cortége again. The prize horses in the various classes are being trotted round for the inspection of Prince and Princess. The former has got out of the carriage, and stands opposite to us, under the shade of an umbrella. The latter remains seated. The other carriages are drawn up behind. We remain in the crowd, crushed and trodden upon, and peeping over shoulders and under parasols, until the carriages drive away to the luncheon tent, and get a third very close view of their Royal Highnesses as they pass. Then to the leaping enclosure.

Oh, the broiling heat in that stand, during the hour of waiting, while the Executive Committee entertained their guests, and the crowd poured in until fully 12,000 people must have collected together! Blessings on the thoughtful beings who arranged refreshment rooms beneath the stands! We sit opposite the royal box. We have the Princess again in full (opera glass) view, for nearly an hour and a half, while the hunters are tried. Marvellous is the leaping, marvellous the excitement of the people, and (be it confessed) ourselves. The utter and entire spill of one poor fellow, who is picked up and carried off insensible; the elegance and ease with which "Fanny Drape" (the winner of the first prize) takes fences and water; the consummate judgment displayed by the quiet-looking groom who rides the "Princess" (winner of the second prize), we cannot trust ourselves to describe. We see the bonnie black mare taken up to the royal box, we help to cheer, first

the winner, then, with the whole strength of our lungs, the royal party, as they drive slowly past on their way out (it was the best cheer given this day), and then, excitement giving way to overpowering fatigue, we go forth in goodly company.

WEDNESDAY: IN THE CITY.

The people's day, and people as the sands for multitude! Crowds pouring into the city as early as eight a.m.—crowds increasing and increasing until the royal route was represented by one dense mass of human beings.

We found our way to the Salford Station, and started thence on a tour of inspection. There was rather a handsome stand in front of the station—the only handsome one, indeed, which we could discover. Bridge Street was particularly gay with flags. Row after row were suspended from side to side, and nearly every window had its banner. John Dalton Street was comparatively dull-looking, except at Lamb's great furniture shop. Then we turned into Albert Square. The statue!—who shall describe it?—washed, and actually clean! The canopy looking as good as new! The rails re-gilt! No wonder a police inspector by our side said it was "beautiful." Talk of decoration, what more did the square want by way of ornament, or the city either? Have we not the statue to show our guests? And, by the way, now that this said statue looks as it should do, why not fill the four arches of the canopy with plate glass, and defy the smoke and dust altogether? Let the corporation take the hint, or else appoint a salaried statue-cleaner.

In front of the Town Hall we found a good deal of carpet, a "vision of fair women," and a detachment of the 68th Light Infantry, with their band. St. Ann's Square had a big stand in its church-yard, and very few flags. In Market Street we could only look and wonder at the crowd. Finally, we came to a halt in front of the Infirmary, amongst the volunteers. A stout barricade kept off the crowd—a crowd which completely filled every part of the square (for square it is), and seemed as if lifted up to the tops of the great warehouses. Roofs, windows, stands, pavement—nothing but human beings everywhere! Considering the heat, the crush, and the length of time they had to wait, they were all most patient. As for the volunteers, they had decidedly the best of it. They piled their arms, lounged about, and smoked.

Nearly twelve o'clock, and still no Prince or Princess. We took a stroll down Portland Street. Watts' warehouse a great attraction, and its flags immense. They quite shaded the street. Mendel's also very gay. It would have been better if the police had kept a clear avenue through this street, as they did in all other parts of the route. As it afterwards happened, the mounted police who headed the procession had actually to force the people back, and make a way for themselves and the carriages.

At last, the brass helmets of the cavalry escort were visible above the heads of the crowd in Market Street. There was a mighty buzz of excitement among the people. The volunteers were drawn up in order, with their officers in front. And now they are here! Captain Palin and his mounted staff in front. Then some dragoons. Then a carriage containing His Worship the Mayor, gorgeous in his official robes, also the newly-dubbed knight, who looked anything but gorgeous. Then some more dragoons, and then, guarded by red-coats, the four-horsed carriage, with Prince and Princess, their host, and, we believe, Lord Sefton. We stayed just long enough to catch a glimpse at the Princess, and to notice that her costume was blue and white, and then left the scene, and, by sundry short cuts, and the aid of our invaluable pass, reached the Oxford Road, some two or three hundred yards in advance of the procession. From All Saints' Church the view down the road, with the dragoons and carriages descending the hill from St. Peter's Church, was very fine. This street was admirably kept by the police. In Stretford Road there was as much excitement as elsewhere, and an endless crowd of spectators along its whole length—and a long length it is. We came to a final halt, a little way past Chorlton Road, and shortly afterwards the procession went by at a trot. The Prince, we thought, looked rather—well, rather bored. Fancy, having to bow incessantly for a whole morning! We should not fancy it at all. A parting cheer, and thus we saw the last of their Royal Highnesses.

When we got into the gardens, they were just departing, and the crowd was too great for us to get near them. Let us hope that they will carry away at least a conviction of the good will and hearty loyalty of the citizens of Manchester.

HOLIDAY NOTES.

A WALK TO BRAMHALL.

IT is a common mistake which men fall into when they imagine that only to be desirable which is remote, and it is a true philosophy which helps to correct this error, by teaching that in work or play it is the wisest thing to make the most of what lies nearest our hands. It is astonishing how much pleasant recreation may be got from the ordinary walks and incidents of daily life, if we only look for it. At least we have found it so, and desire to illustrate the truth of our proposition by chronicling the results of a modest afternoon's walk, extending not more than ten miles from the city's boundaries.

We begin, if you please, at Stockport, where we leave the train that has conveyed us thither. Not that it is necessary to do so to reach Bramhall; we might have gone on some three miles farther, to the little station which bears that name, but we have elected, for special reasons, to commence our walk here. On the face of it there is not much that is attractive in this up-and-down-hill smoky manufacturing town, but we do not desire in our walk to-day to think superficially of what we see, preferring rather to exercise a little "minute philosophy," and, doing this, find plenty of material for thought and reflection. Rearing its ancient head over the house tops and chimneys is the square old tower of the parish church. Though it is one of those "paltry four-pinnacled things we call towers in England, which are mere confectioners' gothic," and which in these words Mr. Ruskin so heartily despises, it is an interesting sight, and venerable. Though modern in its renovation, it was built originally in the 14th century, and contains the tombs of the Arderns of Harden, the Leghs of Lyme, and the Warrens of Poynton. Ecclesiastical Architecture seems to have passed through a dark age in Stockport since the building of its parish church, to judge from some other churches and chapels of a more modern date. But it is evident that a revival has commenced in good earnest. That asceticism which belongs to money getting, and which displays itself in a disregard of all that is not utilitarian, appears to be giving place to something better in the shape of a taste for beauty in art. Here this is evidenced as in other places in connection with religious thought. On the Wellington Road (along the right of which we have turned on leaving the station) we pass an imposing classical building of stone, with a grand pillared facade, built at an expense of some nine thousand pounds, by the Wesleyans, and styled "Mount Tabor." Beyond it, is a very beautiful memorial chapel, in the gothic style, belonging to the Congregationalists. We pass, too, the Infirmary, a national school, a grammar school that belonged to the Goldsmiths' company of London, founded in the year 1487, and sundry other public buildings, and then, reaching Bramhall Lane on the right, soon leave town and chimneys behind, and emerge into the green fields. It is a hot afternoon in high summer, and the distant hills, now breaking upon our sight, loom up in hazy indistinctness. On the green slopes of the nearest eminence the grey tower of Lyme Cage shows through the hot mist. It is hay time, too, but we miss the sweep of the scythe in the long grass, and hear in place thereof the sound of wheels and the peculiar click of the modern grass-cutter. Dr. Johnson was wont to say that one green field was but a

has fac-simile of another, and it may be said that one green lane is pretty much like another. But to the minute philosopher there is enough in any lane to attract and secure attention. It has been wisely said that "there is nothing great or small," and that the eye only sees what it brings with it the power of seeing. To the reflective mind the stone suggests the sphere, and to a microscopical eye the fly is as interesting an object as the hugest elephant. Size and distance are altogether relative, and we do wrong if we miss the glory and beauty of what is about our feet, in the shape of moss, and grass, and flowers, by fixing our gaze too steadfastly on the far-off clouds or stars. On the right of the lane we pass a grand old oak, that for girth, neight, and umbrageous spread of branches, it is a pleasure to look on. The woodman does not always spare the tree for its beauty's sake, but we trust this one is not destined to share the fate of its fellow, a like grand trunk, which now, stripped and naked like an overthrown giant, lies with its great limbs stretched on the greensward. We pass, too, quaint-timbered cottages, with a yew tree in the garden that may have grown there when Stockport was alternately held by Royalists, Roundheads, and invading Scots.

Sauntering gently on, after a little more than two miles we reach the park gates of Bramhall Hall, one of the most curious and antiquated family residences in the country. It is a many-gabled, brick-chimneyed, timbered house, marked with bands of black and white, in the style of the sixteenth century, standing on a terraced knoll, with trees clustering about it, and sloping down to a little stream that runs through the park. The estate has long been in the hands of the Davenports of Bramhall. In the time of Henry II. it was granted to Matthew de Bromeall. There is a bridle path through the park, so we may walk up to the house and inspect the exterior. There is no Davenport living at it now, the late Colonel of that name having died a few months since. Some years ago, through his courtesy, we were permitted to see the interior. It is now in the hands of a wealthy hatter, whose name is famous in the country, and who, perhaps, may not care for the visits of the curious, so we will content ourselves to-day with the recollections which memory affords of the place. What we remember of it is associated with wainscotted rooms reached by spiral oak staircases, ceilings ornamented with pendants, mullioned windows filled with armorial bearings in stained glass, walls adorned with buff coats, armour, and military weapons, and all the other details that are usually to be seen in a time-honoured English house. Among the portraits is one of Sir A. Legh, of Ardlington, erroneously said to be the hero of "Will you hear a Spanish Lady," in *Percy's Reliques*. There is a curious chronicle extant of the troubles of one Peter Davenport, who occupied it during the Civil Wars, and who was alternately victimised by Royalists and Roundheads, who quartered themselves upon him and carried off his horses and property. Here, one day in 1643, comes Sir Wm. Brereton and his troopers, and, going into the stables, takes away twenty horses, besides other property from the house. Next year the worthy squire falls into the hands of another marauder, Captain Standley, who "took his mare from him at Widford, and made him walk home on foot," and shortly after came to Bramhall and quartered himself and troop, notwithstanding this outrage. Next day, when these were gone, comes Prince Rupert, that "Prince of Plunderers," as Carlyle calls him, by whom and his army our squire loses better than a hundred pounds, besides other goods and the spoiling of his furniture. This was a few weeks before the Battle of Marston Moor, where these cavaliers fought so disastrously

> For God, for the Laws,
> For the church, for the cause,
> For Charles King of England,
> And Rupert of the Rhine.

No sooner had the Prince gone but there comes Standley's cornet, one Lely, and twenty of his troop, who had previously fled before Rupert, and these take away with them seventeen horses. Neither does this end the squire's troubles, for afterwards comes the sequestration, by which he is mulcted, in spite of protests, of five hundred pounds. Very roughly, too, do these sequestrators treat his household gods, overhauling them and taking an inventory with armed musketeers in the park, surrounding the house. It is pleasant to linger here, and, in imagination, recall these events, peopling the old house and its grounds with those lawless troopers, Royalist and Roundhead, but our walk leads us farther, so we retrace our steps to the park gate, and regain the road. These Davenports had once a right of sergeancy over the district, and were permitted to hold a sort of baron's court, which may or may not account for a remarkable signboard which we note affixed to the wall of a cottage where resides the constable of the place, and which is opposite to the park entrance. This sign informs us that the distance from the hall door of Bramhall to the door of the court house in Stockport, proceeding by Heaton Lane and Meal House Brow, is exactly three miles and fifty yards. This fact is arrived at by a detailed statement of the distances of various stages of the journey, added up and calculated in a truly arithmetical manner. We were at a loss to guess what worldly use it is to any individual to know the exact distance from this hall door to the one of the Stockport Court House, and where is the connection at the present time between the two places.

Pursuing our walk along the lane that leads to Disley, we leave to the right the road to Wilmslow, at the corner of which, close to the hall, is a pretty farm house, where a murder was committed some thirty years ago. A little way along the Disley lane we come to Bramhall Brook, a stream which crosses it beneath a bridge, and taking the path over the stile on the right, which leads by the brook side, find ourselves in pleasant undulating meadows, with green wavy hollows, crowned with trees of luxuriant foliage. There are few pleasanter walks about this neighbourhood than along the margin of this little stream. The air is sweet with odours of honeysuckle and fresh mown hay. Looking along the little valley between the high banks which enclose it, in the distance we see the hills of Derbyshire, rich in colour, and softened in outline by the warm summer atmosphere. Presently we come upon a party of gentlemen and keepers, who are netting the stream for trout. The keepers wade through the water, one carrying the net, which he places in convenient shallows, while the other disturbs the fish with a pole, which he thrusts into the overhanging grassy banks. It is a pleasant picture, heightened by two pretty children who watch the sport with interest, now and then "tumbling like ripened fruit in the grass." There is also a large retriever, who occasionally mars the business in hand by plunging into the stream where he is not wanted. While we stand watching them the man with the pole startles a water hen, which dives to elude the blow aimed at it, and flies up mid-stream with the retriever in full chase. Leaving this interesting little scene, and having walked sufficiently along the stream, we regain the lane by ascending the bank by a path on the left, and come upon it in a green recess, which shows the remains of a gipsy encampment.

Retracing our steps to the hall, we again enter the park, and passing by the house, a little way beyond it, we descry the inevitable white umbrella and a couple of amateur artists, who are busy painting a pleasant little bit of landscape, with two fine oaks in the foreground. A short walk through the park in the waning afternoon, during which, in the clearer softened light, we get beautiful views of the distant hills, with rich woodland between, and as we go startling the rabbits into ferny covers, we soon reach Cheadle Hulme, but being an hour too soon for the train, walk on to dim Stockport, and thence by rail home.

MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS.

DONE, VERY FREELY, INTO ENGLISH.

ON A FELLOW WHO HAD NO CREDIT.

You boast you have no debts. Just so.
You nothing have: hence, nothing owe.

TO A FELLOW WHO WAS ALWAYS ASKING SOME FAVOUR AS A MERE TRIFLE—AS A NOTHING-AT-ALL.

'Tis a mere trifle, eh? "Just nothing." So!
You ask just nothing? Then I won't say no.

TO AN ANT ENCLOSED IN AMBER. A CURIOSITY OF THIS KIND IS AMONG THE VALUABLE MINERALS IN THE CAMBRIDGE MUSEUM.

You crawled, a pest: a treasure, now!
Egad, your fate is very funny;
To have your tomb drop from a bough,
And then be worth a heap of money!

WHAT PART OF CROSS STREET REMINDS ONE OF AN ANCIENT SPORT?—The King Street corner, for you may there see a Hauck on one side and a Heron on the other.

G. TWIGG'S Patent Corkscrews. The most powerful ever invented, and being provided with a patent India-rubber pad, which forms an elastic cushion for the neck, they are warranted not to break the bottle.
Manufactory: 30, Mosley Road, Birmingham.—Sold by all Ironmongers.

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS.

BY SIR FRANCIS DOYLE.

[Some Seiks and a private of the Buffs, having remained behind with the grog-carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next morning, they were brought before the authorities, and commanded to perform the *kotow*. The Seiks obeyed; but Moyse, the English soldier, declaring that he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive, was immediately knocked upon the head, and his body thrown on a dunghill.]

Last night, among his fellow-roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore,
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's Crown,
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered, and alone,
A heart, with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord, or axe, or flame:
He only knows, that not through *him*
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seem'd,
Like dreams, to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleam'd,
One sheet of living snow;
The smoke, above his father's door,
In grey soft eddyings hung:
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doom'd by himself, so young?

Yes, honour calls!—with strength like steel
He puts the vision by.
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel;
An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed;
Vain, those all-shattering guns;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons.
So let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's King,
Because his soul was great.

A NOBLE WORK.

THE current number of *Macmillan's Magazine* contains a remarkable article by Miss Octavia Hill, describing her "Four years' management of a London Court." Miss Hill invested a little capital (at the suggestion of Mr. Ruskin) in purchasing a few wretched dwellings in a vile court in one of the worst parts of London. She spent money on them in removing the filth, in repairs, in providing sanitary advantages that had never existed, or had become dilapidated or disused. She took a personal interest in the tenants, collected all the rents herself, weekly, and never allowed any to get behindhand, and thus accumulate difficulties for the future. By firmness, by an almost stern kindness, she taught them habits of prudence, cleanliness, and self-reliance. Without actual gifts, which enervate rather than strengthen, except in rare cases and to a very slight extent, she helped these poor creatures—the poorest and most demoralised of the poor—to help themselves, put a little work in their way, guided them to tide over difficulties, brought back to their former status those who had sunk in the social scale, and raised others to a higher grade than they had ever occupied, and so marshalled and mastered her little regiment, without interfering with their convictions or even habits, except when those habits were distinctly immoral, that when the day of distress came, as it did in East London notably in 1867-8, no relief was needed, no arrears of rent were due, but all by honest struggle were able to tide over the time of trouble. It is a wonderful story and touchingly told. And it was all done without any great outlay—for the capital invested has always paid 5 per cent. interest—and without any remarkable talent beyond a good supply of common sense.

DR. JOHNSON'S PENANCE.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

AT Lichfield, in St. Mary's Square, I saw a statue of Dr. Johnson, elevated on a stone pedestal, some ten or twelve feet high. The third bas-relief possesses, to my mind, a good deal of pathos. It shows Johnson in the Market-place of Uttoxeter, doing penance for an act of disobedience to his father, committed fifty years before. He stands bare-headed, very sad and woe-begone, with the wind and rain driving hard against him; while some market people and children gaze, awe-stricken, into his face, and an aged man and woman, with clasped hands, are praying for him. I never heard of this statue before; it seems to have no reputation as a work of art, and very probably may deserve none. Yet I found it somewhat touching and effective, perhaps because my interest in the character of that sturdiest old Englishman has always been peculiarly strong; and especially the above-described bas-relief freshened my sense of a wonderful beauty and pathos in the incident which it commemorates. So, the next day, I left Lichfield for Uttoxeter, on a purely sentimental pilgrimage (by railway, however), to see the spot where Johnson performed his penance.

Arriving at the Uttoxeter station, the first thing I saw, in a convenient vicinity, was the tower and tall grey spire of a church. It had been my previous impression that the market-place of Uttoxeter lay immediately round about the church; and, if I remember the narrative aright, Johnson describes his father's book-stall as standing in the market-place, close beside the sacred edifice. But the church has merely a street of ordinary width passing around it; while the market-place, though near at hand, is not really contiguous; nor would its throng and bustle be apt to overflow their bounds and surge against the churchyard and the old grey tower. Nevertheless, a walk of a minute or two would bring a person from the centre of the market-place to the church-door; and Michael Johnson might very well have placed his stall, and have laid out his literary ware, in the corner at the tower's base—better there, perhaps, than in the busy centre of an agricultural market. But the picturesqueness and full impressiveness of the story require that Johnson, doing his penance, should have been the very nucleus of the crowd—the midmost man of the market-place—a central figure of Memory and Remorse, contrasting with, and overpowering, the sultry materialism around him. I am resolved, therefore, that the true site of his penance was in the middle of the market-place.

The people of Uttoxeter seemed very idle in the warm summer day, and stood in little groups about the market-place; leisurely chatting, and staring at me, as they would not stare if strangers were more plentiful. I question if Uttoxeter ever saw an American before. And, as an American, I was struck by the numbers of old persons tottering about, and leaning on sticks; old persons in knee-breeches, and all the other traditional costume of the last century. Old places seem to produce old people, as by a natural propriety; or, perhaps the secret is, that old age has a tendency to hide itself when it might otherwise be brought into contact with new edifices and new things, but comes freely forth, and meets the eye of man, amid the sympathies of a decaying town. The only other thing that greatly impressed me in Uttoxeter was the abundance of public-houses—one at every step or two—Red Lions, White Harts, Bulls' Heads, Mitres, Cross Keys, and I know not what besides. These are, probably, for the accommodation of the agricultural visitors on market-day. At any rate, I appeared to be the only guest in Uttoxeter on the day of my visit, and had but an infinitessimal portion of patronage to distribute amongst so many inns. I stepped into one of these rustic hostelries, and got my dinner—bacon and greens, and a chop, and a gooseberry pudding—enough for six yeomen, besides ale; all for a shilling and sixpence. This hospitable inn was called the Nag's Head, and, standing beside the market-place, was as likely as any other to have entertained Old Michael Johnson in the days when he used to come hither to sell books. He, perhaps, had eaten his bacon and greens, and drunk his ale, and smoked his pipe, in the very room where I now sat; a low, ancient room, with a red-brick floor and a whitewashed ceiling, traversed by bare, rough beams; the whole in the rudest fashion, but extremely neat. As I sipped my ale, I glanced through the window into the sunny Market Place, and wished that I could honestly fix on one spot rather than another, as like to have been the holy site where Johnson stood to do his penance.

How strange and stupid it is, that tradition should not have marked and kept in mind the very place! How shameful (nothing less than that) that there should be no local memorial of this incident, as beautiful and as touching a passage as can be cited out of any human life! no inscription of it, almost as sacred as a verse of Scripture, on the wall of the church! no statue of the venerable and illustrious penitent in the market-place, to throw a wholesome awe over its traffic, its earthliness, its selfishness! Such a statue, if the piety of man did not raise it, might almost have been expected to grow up out of the pavement of its own accord, on the spot that had been watered by Johnson's remorseful tears, and by the rain that dripped from him. Well, my pilgrimage had not turned out a very successful one. There being no train till late in the afternoon, I spent I know not how many hours in Uttoxeter, and, to say the truth, was heartily tired of it; my penance being a great deal longer than Dr. Johnson's. Moreover, I forgot, until it was too late, to snatch the opportunity to repent of some of my own sins. While waiting at the station, I asked a boy who sat near me (a school-boy, some twelve or thirteen years old, whom I should take to be a clergyman's son)—I asked him whether he had ever heard the story of Dr. Johnson, how he stood an hour doing penance beside that church whose spire rose before us. The boy stared, and answered "No." I inquired if no such story was known or talked about in Uttoxeter. "No," said the boy, "not that I ever heard of!" Just think of the absurd little town, knowing nothing of its one memorable incident, which sanctifies it to the heart of a stranger from three thousand miles over the sea. Just think of the fathers and mothers of Uttoxeter never telling their children this sad and lovely story, which might have such a blessed influence on their young days, and spare them so many a pang hereafter.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD DUN.—This familiar word is derived by some from the French verb *dunner* meaning *give*; by others from the old Saxon word *dunon*, to clamor, but both of these derivations are wrong. It took its rise from a famous English bailiff, named Joe Dunn, in the time of King Henry VIII., who plied his hard trade of collecting doubtful debts with remarkable success. As a last resort creditors would threaten to put Dunn on their debtors, and hence the phrase of "*dunning*," which has continued to our day.

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MODE OF AWARDING ATHLETIC PRIZES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—Having been an eye-witness, and having subsequently had the pleasure of perusing, in your valuable columns, a graphic description of the recent Manchester Athletic Festival, I trust you will allow me space for a few remarks on the system on which the champions' prizes appear to have been allotted.

I will take pedestrianism first. It seems that towards scoring marks for the champion's prize, *jumping* is allowed to count in the same category with foot-races. Now, to attain success in a race of even moderately long distance, considerable staying powers are indispensable, in addition to natural swiftness of pace; and to acquire this staying power, a long, and often arduous, course of training is absolutely necessary; while jumping, on the other hand, requires little or none of this severe preparation. Jumping power is, in my estimation, nothing more than a natural gift—a knack (if I may be allowed the expression), which may be, and no doubt is, improved by practice; but no man, I think, need train for it. Again, I would point out to the committee that jumping is simply a gymnastic exercise for the legs and lower parts of the trunk, just as the movements on the "rings," &c., are for the arms and the upper parts. For these two reasons, I hold that jumping ought to be classified as a gymnastic and not a pedestrian contest. Leaping with the pole is, I perceive, so reckoned; why not, therefore, leaping without the pole also?

I will now draw attention to the "Gymnastic contests" of the programme. Here I find the practice, offensive and defensive, of various weapons, from the lordly small-sword to the lowly fist, jumbled up under the name, forsooth, of "gymnastics," with tricks on the trapeze, dumb-bell and club performances, and the even still more animal amusements of putting the shot and throwing the hammer. These defensive exercises belong to a totally distinct and superior class of art, and I would strongly suggest the advisability, and, I may say, fairness too, of giving a champion's prize for them separately from that for the gymnastic contests. Their number, too, might well be increased—as, for instance, by the addition of "bayonet-fencing," an exercise specially adapted to modern warfare, and one of which we saw a very fair sample at the late assault-of-arms. I enclose my card, and beg to subscribe myself,

SPECTATOR.

SHAKESPERE.

THE current number of the *Edinburgh Review* contains an able article, showing how much remains to be done in the elucidation of Shakespere. Shakesperian literature is in itself a vast library. After all that has been written on the subject, and is every day pouring forth from the press, one would imagine that the subject had become threadbare, and that nothing remains to be said. But a ripe scholar comes forward, and in a masterly article shows that the most learned Shakesperian commentators are ignorant of the meaning of some of the most common phrases used by the poet. What does Ophelia mean when she says to the Queen, "You may wear your rue with a difference"? What was the precise significance of the *crants* laid upon Ophelia's bier? What does Benedick mean when he says that if a lady is not virtuous he will never "cheapen" her? What does Lear mean when he describes Regan as being of a "tender-hefted nature"? What does Pistol mean in the much-quoted saying—"Under which "King, *bezonian*, speak or die"? What is the exact meaning of the phrase used by Tranio, to "balk logic"? What is a hilding? These are some of the questions which the critic propounds to his readers, which he declares that the Shakesperian commentators are unable to answer, which in some cases they do not even see the necessity of raising, and which he illustrates with not a little skill and curious erudition.

A GERMAN ACTOR ON THE ENGLISH STAGE.

AN eminent and accomplished German actor was lately on a visit to England, and during his stay in London he was tempted by that strong professional interest which makes every player a play-goer whenever he is not on the stage, to judge for himself the condition of his art in the country of Shakespere and of Sheridan. An ingenuous native asked him what he thought of the present state of the dramatic art in England. "Dramatic art!" he exclaimed, where is it? I can find none. I was recommended to go to two particular theatres where the best acting in London was to be seen. At one of them I saw a series of pretty drawing-room charades performed by a company whose highest ambition seemed to be to resemble amateurs as much as possible, and who certainly succeeded in doing so. At another I witnessed the performance of one of the most brilliant of your comedies by a set of worthy artistes (excuse the word!), in whom nothing was so remarkable as the utter *provincialism* (you understand what I mean) of their accent, manners, dress, and demeanour. Only tell me where in this metropolis I can find on the stage something better than boisterous swagger, or vulgar grimace, or sham amateurs; something like intelligence, instruction, respect for art and for the educated public. To be sure, this is not play-going weather, but it is what you call 'the season,' is it not?"

SHAKESPERE AND MARTIAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—It will have occurred, probably, to some of your readers, that at once the tenderest and most poetical of the thoughts in Martial's Epitaph on his "Favourite Boy," is one which is to be found, in a still more beautiful form, in Shakespere. The idea that the flowers for the boy's grave would grow fairer where the poet's tears had been falling, calls to mind that exquisitely pathetic scene in *King Lear*, where Cordelia, on being told by the physician that there are herbs of grace ——. But Shakespere never comes amiss, so here's the passage:—

Cor. What can man's wisdom do
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
Phy There are means, Madam.
Our foster-nurse of Nature is repose,
The which he lacks. That to provoke in him
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.
Cor. *All you blest'd secrets,*
All you unpublished virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears!

—We are, yours faithfully,

"ALL THE SAME AND NOTHING NEW."

RIP VAN WINKLE.—A Floridan Rip Van Winkle made his appearance in St. Mary's the other day, from the depths of the Everglades, bringing two negroes for sale. He was astonished and disgusted to learn that there had been a war, and that his negroes were free.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A NEW READING.—Horace Greeley's chirography is as difficult to decipher as a manuscript copy of the Koran. During the excitement attending the Presidential election, he had occasion to expose some Congressional frauds, and quoted the lines:

'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true.

On receiving the proof, the philosopher was dumb with astonishment, as he read:—

'Tis two, 'tis fifty, and fifty 'tis, 'tis five

THE ETCETERA NUISANCE.—We should like to know what people of education mean by signing a letter "Yours, &c." It may be difficult at times to determine with what form of civility to conclude a letter, and many people rebel against writing themselves "Your obedient servant," when they feel anything but obedient, and scorn the notion of being an humble servant. But whatever be the difficulty of finding an appropriate method of winding up a letter, surely is it not avoided by the vulgar and lazy expedient of Yours, "&c." What does this formula mean? It means, "I ought to end my letter with some civility, but I do not know how to define my relation to you, and I do not care to show you my consideration by making the usual obeisance. I am *yours, &c.*—which means anything you like—perhaps you would not like to see the adverb by which, if I expressed my real feeling, I should indicate the degree in which I am yours—it may be yours obediently, respectfully, faithfully—or it may be the reverse. What does it matter? It is only a compliment, and I do not care what you think." If people mean to go through a ceremony, they ought to go through it properly—not lapse into an &c., which really means they are blockheads, and do not know what to say. We do not advocate excess of compliments in the epistolary style. We have no objection to see a man sign his name without any formality whatever. We object to *et cætera* as an impertinence and a stupidity.—*Daily News.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

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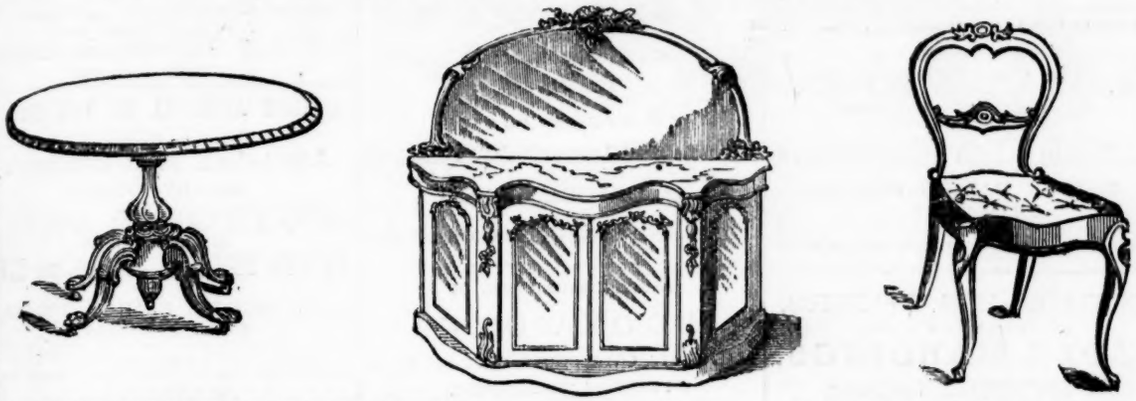

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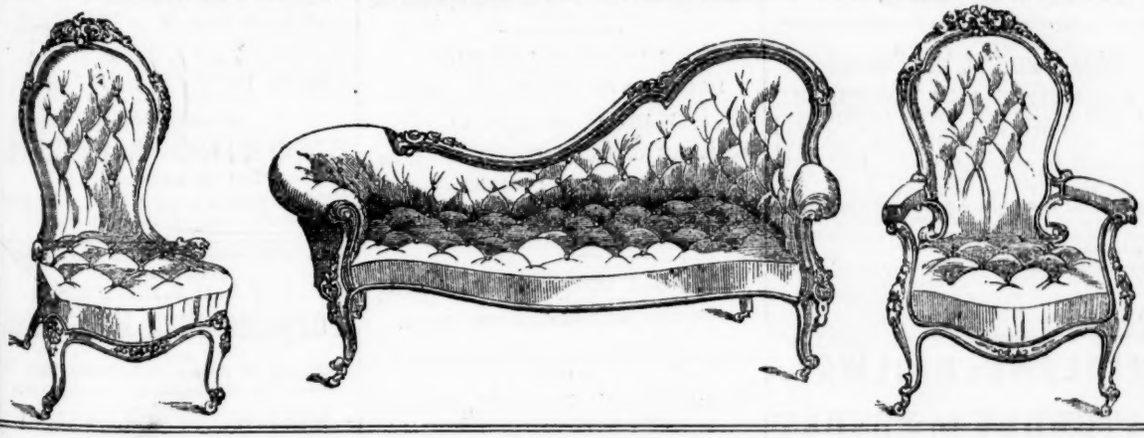

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